

THE ENTERPRISE.

VOL. XXIII

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, SAN MATEO COUNTY, CAL., SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1916.

NO. 12

PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNTY BOARD OF SUPERVISORS

The county board of supervisors met in Redwood City last Monday in regular session.

At the request of R. F. Chilcott, the bay counties title association was granted the use of the supervisors' room on April 15th.

Several bids were opened for the reconstruction of the fill at Faralone, recently destroyed by floods.

The contract was awarded to R. D. Savage for \$2562.60, be being the lowest bidder.

The county did not do anything with the necessary fill owing to a report that the Ocean Shore railroad company refused to co-operate with it.

The services of Gilbert D. Ferrell as special attorney in the right of way condemnation cases for the highway between Beresford and Redwood City, after receiving a letter from him asking that he be relieved, were discontinued.

The auditor's statement of the aggregate amount of allowances that can be made against the several funds of the county for the month of March was received and ordered filed.

A petition, signed by a number of native sons and native daughters, was received, asking for the removal of the relief map of the county from the rotunda of the courthouse, so as not to obscure the great seal of the state.

There being none of the petitioners present at the meeting, action on the petition was deferred until the next meeting, March 20th.

There was nothing done by the board in the matter of requiring county police officers to act as traffic officers as well, the officers refusing to do that duty unless they were paid for it.

BALL BY DRUIDS.

A grand ball will be given by South San Francisco Grove, No. 171, U. A. O. D., in honor of the eleventh year of its institution, at Metropolitan Hall, Sunday, April 2, 1916. Dancing from 3 to 12 p. m. Admission, gents 25 cents, ladies complimentary. Good union music. Floor managers, members of the grove.

WILL CELEBRATE THE FOURTH.

Chief George A. Bartlett and the San Mateo fire board have taken up the work of providing a Fourth of July celebration for San Mateo. All civic and commercial bodies, fraternal orders, etc., will be invited to participate, as well as the business houses.

SAN MATEO ITEMS

(San Mateo Times.)

A daughter was born in Los Angeles recently to Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Johnson, both formerly of the local high school.

Mrs. Josephine Brown has begun action for divorce from her husband, W. C. Brown, formerly a fuel dealer here. They were married twenty years ago and have three children.

Robert Wisnom has begun work on a concrete one-story building on Burlingame avenue, 30x90 feet, basement and oil house, to be occupied by the Wisnom-Bonner hardware company.

CHARLES N. KIRKBRIDE MAY GO TO WAR

Lieutenant Charles N. Kirkbride of the general staff of the coast artillery, national guard of California, and adjutant of the second battalion, may be called out any day to join the forces on the Mexican border or for garrison duty with the big guns at the Presidio.

While he does not expect any immediate call to the colors, Lieutenant Kirkbride states that he is prepared to go should the call be made, and we who know him know that he will toe the mark of duty in any eventuality that may arise.

Mr. Kirkbride is no "tin soldier," but had occasion to demonstrate his courage when a car on which he and other members of the company were traveling was held up by a bandit. He alone put up a fight and was shot in the shoulder. Had others assisted him the bandit would have been caught.—San Mateo Times.

YOU HAVE THE RIGHT IDEA, ED.

The Redwood City chamber of commerce is carrying out its policy of protection to the home merchants. Secretary McGettigan, the past week, has received numerous communications from outside people asking for concessions of various kinds during Foresters' week. Mr. McGettigan promptly replied in each case that no concessions were to be granted that would mean the taking of good money out of the city.

MISS HOWARD'S CASE ARGUED.

Arguments were made before Judge George H. Buck Friday morning on the motion to vacate the order declaring Miss Frances Howard, the Hillsborough society maid, incompetent. Briefs were ordered submitted.

Miss A. Vandenbos, graduate of the Conservatory of Music in Brussels, will give music lessons on the piano and harp at Linden Hotel. Lessons \$1. Advtd.

LOCAL HAPPENINGS TOLD IN BRIEF

W. G. Fahy of Lomita Park has been appointed deputy assessor by Assessor D. P. Flynn.

Otto Bissett, who had his foot crushed at the local steel plant, is improved.

The Silva ranch has been leased to people in this city, who have gone into the dairy business.

N. A. Becker, who was at Gilroy hot springs for a week, returned on Thursday evening.

John Lovi of this city was operated on by Dr. F. S. Dolley recently at the local hospital.

N. Jackson of San Francisco was here on Tuesday visiting friends at the Metropolitan Hotel.

Henry Ward Brown, who is under the care of Dr. Dolley, is getting along as well as can be expected.

Reese Lloyd filed his papers with Jos. H. Nash as a candidate for city trustee at the coming election.

Mrs. E. P. Shirley, who was operated on at the local hospital, was taken to her home on Tuesday.

Mrs. Thomas Barnett and friends, Mrs. and Miss Walsh of Santa Rosa, visited friends in this city last week.

Adolph Wolgeven, formerly of this city, was a visitor here on Tuesday. Mr. Wolgeven is now located in San Francisco.

C. H. Blake of Los Angeles arrived here on Wednesday to take the position of chief operator at the local wireless station.

Health Officer Dr. I. W. Keith made an inspection of the schools last Tuesday and found them in a first-class sanitary condition.

H. Scampini has had a modern sanitary tile drain installed in his place of business at the corner of Grand and Linden avenues.

Richard Sneath of San Bruno, and well known in this city, has been added to the traffic squad as extra officer for Sundays and holidays.

A fire drill was held at the local school on last Tuesday. The children were out of the building in a very few seconds and showed they are well trained.

Fred M. Doak of the Standard Corrugated Iron Company and various big industries returned Sunday from an extended business trip to New York and other eastern points.

A horse belonging to W. L. Hickey, that was staked in a lot on Grand avenue, fell on an iron stake to which it was tied and was injured so badly that it had to be shot by Marshal Kneese.

John Cuñeo, who was struck by a car last Sunday evening on the Mission road, sustained a broken left arm, sprained ankles and body bruises. He was removed to the local hospital and is improving.

Dr. C. I. Fisher of New York, who is surgeon at the Providence hospital in that city, was here last week visiting Dr. F. S. Dolley, who also was formerly a resident associate surgeon at the same hospital.

W. L. Hickey purchased a Ford automobile the first part of the week.

Rev. Mr. Kelley's study in the rear of Grace Church is being occupied temporarily by Mr. and Mrs. John Stranix and their baby girl.

William Dufend was taken into custody by Marshal Kneese the first of the week, being charged with taking money from the room of M. Lentz. His case came up in Recorder Rehberg's court, but Dufend was discharged on account of lack of evidence.

Do You Want a Home?

The South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company will build you a house on any lot in South San Francisco, on very easy terms. Select your lot, choose your design and apply at the Company's office, 306 Linden avenue, for full particulars.

ANNEXATION ELECTION CARRIES UNANIMOUSLY

Last Monday a special election was held in this city for the purpose of annexing about 139 acres at the eastern part of the city, known as the smelter site. The election carried unanimously. The vote was as follows: Precinct 1, at the firehouse, there were 97 votes cast, all in favor; at precinct 2, in the city hall, there were 119, all in favor, and in the territory to be annexed there were 7 votes in favor, making a total of 223 votes cast in favor, with no opposition.

EDMUND HICKEY DEAD

Died—In this city, March 14, 1916, Edmund Hickey, beloved husband of Honora Hickey, and father of John J., Thomas L., William L. and Mrs. Catherine Hickey and Mrs. Honora L. O'Connor and grandfather of Thomas E. Hickey, a native of County Limerick. The funeral was held at All Souls' Church in this city on Thursday, where a solemn requiem high mass was celebrated for the repose of his soul. Interment was private at Holy Cross cemetery.

OLD CROCKER HOME IS "UP IN THE AIR"

The old Colonel Charles Frederick Crocker mansion in Hillsborough is "Up in the air," and also "On the move." It constitutes, in fact, the biggest moving picture ever seen on the coast, for it is being moved across the creek on a trestle fifty feet in the air by Charles J. Lindgren, the well-known contractor, who recently purchased it from Charles Templeton Crocker. Within a fortnight it will be on its new site near the Hillsborough town hall, about 1500 yards from the spot upon which it has stood since its construction.

It is now about fifty feet in the air, upon an intricate framework of huge wooden beams, poised upon the edge of a hill which must be descended before it reaches its new location. It has withstood all the gales of the past two months in its present position.

The operation is said to be one of the most difficult pieces of house moving ever attempted in the vicinity of San Francisco. It is being directed by Ellis Anderson.

The house was built originally by Colonel Frederick Crocker, father of Charles Templeton and of Jennie Crocker Whitman. It is of frame construction and contains about fifty rooms. It has several heavy chimneys and fireplaces and weighs about 600 tons. As soon as it is located it will

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CITY BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The city board of trustees met in adjourned session in the city hall last Thursday evening.

There was little to do and the session was a short one.

A petition from the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, asking permission to install a pole on Aspen avenue, was referred to the superintendent of streets.

A resolution providing specifications for a new auto fire truck was adopted.

A resolution directing the city clerk to advertise for bids for an auto fire truck for the local fire department was adopted.

A resolution directing the city engineer to prepare grades for the improvement of Swift and Walker avenues was adopted.

The board then adjourned until next Monday evening at 8 o'clock.

be occupied by Mr. Lindgren and his family.—San Mateo Times.

REPUBLICANS LEADING IN SAN MATEO COUNTY

Republicans have close to a three to one lead over their nearest competitor in the registration for San Mateo county, according to figures made public Friday by County Clerk Jos. H. Nash.

Out of a total registration to date the republicans head the list of parties with 5211, and the democrats are second with 1820. Other party figures are as follows: Progressives, 468; socialists, 248; prohibitionists, 28; union labor, 1; declined to state, 892. The registration foots 8669.

REGISTER AT ONCE.

Registration for the presidential primary election, to be held May 2d, will close April 1st. Only those persons registering since January 1st of this year will be permitted to vote at the presidential primary election. Those citizens who have so far neglected to attend to this duty should register without further delay, otherwise they will not be permitted to indicate their preference for delegates who will sit in the national conventions of their respective parties.

WOMAN'S CLUB.

The next regular meeting of the literary society, a branch of the Woman's Club, will be held at the residence of Mrs. R. Smith, Grand avenue, on Tuesday, March 28th.

The society on Tuesday, March 21st, will attend the matinee at the Cort Theatre and see "Ramona."

No. of Bank 333 Incorporated June, 1905

REPORT OF CONDITION

—OF THE—

BANK OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

AT SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

As of the close of business on the 4th day of March, 1916.

RESOURCES	COMMERCIAL	SAVINGS	COMBINED
Loans and Discounts	\$125,366.43	\$203,154.53	\$328,520.96
Overdrafts	1,193.78		1,193.78
Bonds, Warrants and other Securities	19,000.00	51,704.95	70,704.95
Bank Premises, Furniture and Fixtures	43.25	10,000.00	10,043.25
Other Real Estate Owned	3,060.88		3,060.88
Due from Reserve Banks	40,095.75	46,790.57	86,886.32
Actual Cash on Hand	13,709.84	8,258.69	21,968.53
Checks and other cash items	1,214.78		1,214.78
Other resources	4.00		4.00
Total	\$203,688.71	\$322,908.74	\$526,597.45
LIABILITIES			
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000.00	\$25,000.00	\$50,000.00
Surplus	6,250.00	6,250.00	12,500.00
Undivided Profits, less expenses and taxes paid	3,041.45	2,110.78	5,152.23
Individual Deposits subject to check	152,693.20		152,693.20
Savings Deposits		278,624.71	278,624.71
Demand Certificates of Deposit	247.10		247.10
Time Certificates of Deposit		923.25	923.25
Certified Checks	50.00		50.00
Cashier's Checks	3,252.31		3,252.31
State, County and Municipal Deposits	13,154.65	10,000.00	23,154.65
Total	\$203,688.71	\$322,908.74	\$526,597.45

STATE OF CALIFORNIA } ss.
County of San Mateo }

W. H. COFFINBERRY, President, and H. L. HAAKER, Cashier, of the Bank of South San Francisco, being duly sworn, each for himself, says he has a personal knowledge of the matters contained in the foregoing report of condition and that every allegation, statement, matter and thing therein contained, is true to the best of his knowledge and belief.

W. H. COFFINBERRY, President.
H. L. HAAKER, Cashier.

Severally subscribed and sworn to before me by both deponents, the 14th day of March, 1916.

(SEAL) J. W. COLEBERG,
Notary Public in and for said County of San Mateo, State of California.



AS A UNIVERSAL FUEL

GAS

WILL RANK SUPREME

IN ANY HOME WHERE IT IS USED FOR
COOKING AND THE HEATING OF WATER

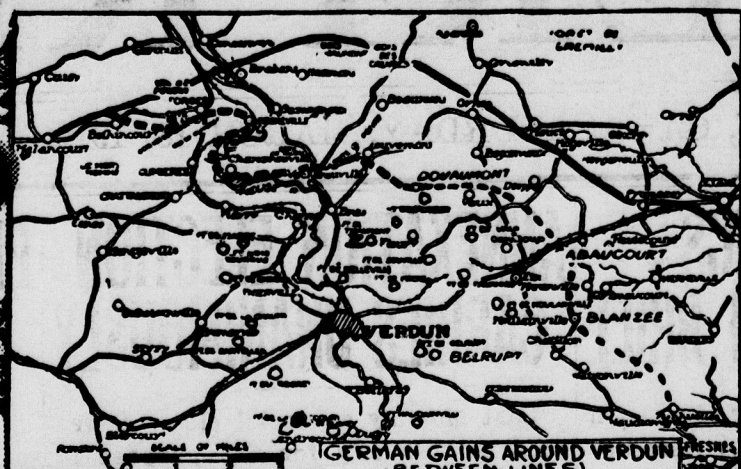
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ALWAYS READY
ALWAYS COOL
ALWAYS CLEAN
ALWAYS ECONOMICAL

Pacific Gas and Electric Co.

REDWOOD DISTRICT

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO



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That a World's Business of Rapidly Increasing Magnitude Is Centering Around San Francisco?

DO YOU KNOW that the captains of finance and industry everywhere predict for San Francisco and her environments from now on a quick development and of colossal proportions, both industrially and commercially?

Do you know that South San Francisco is the best-located and best-proven industrial city to-day within this center of great promise?

Do you know that now is the best time for making an investment in South San Francisco property?

Values will never be less and the possibilities of big increase are everywhere within her borders.

Buy and build at once, for the demand for buildings by good tenants is away beyond the supply.

Inquire at the Office of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company for Information

W. J. MARTIN, Land Agent

Office Open Sundays, Bank Building

**NEXT TIME
YOU BAKE---**

USE

CALIFENE

It will make your friends wonder how you get that nice, rich, savory crust they somehow cannot bake. Be generous. Give them the secret. Tell them about Califene, the new shortening that makes every baking day cheerful. Be sure they remember the name Califene, made in South San Francisco and sold everywhere in California.

ASK YOUR DEALER

Manufactured from the purest vegetable oil and selected beef fat in a modern and sanitary plant under the watchful eyes of U. S. Government Inspectors.

Western Meat Company

THE ENTERPRISE

Published every Saturday by the
Enterprise Publishing Co.
E. I. Woodman, Manager.

Office, 312 Linden Avenue. Phone 126

Entered at the Postoffice at South San Francisco, Cal., as second-class matter, December 19, 1895.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One Year, in advance.....\$2.00
Six Months ".....1.00
Three Months "......50

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1916.

CLUB AND SOCIETY NOTES.

Our readers are respectfully asked to furnish The Enterprise with items of club, social or personal nature that they know of for publication.

The Woman's Club meets on the first and third Thursdays of each month at Lodge Hall, Metropolitan building, at 2:30 p. m.

LOYALTY WITHOUT WIND.

True loyalty does not consist of getting out in public and shouting to the winds of the glories of our country and how we can lick the world with our hands tied behind us.

We have a few such "patriots," but they have never set the world afire and we never expect to see them fighting for their country. When bullets are singing and shells are shrieking such "patriots" are usually found industriously fishing in financial waters far to the rear.

What we need is patriotism that impels a man to love his country for what it is ad for what it has done for himself and the rest of mankind. When a man is imbued with this brand of loyalty he will give even life itself for his country when the need arises, and he will have no self-plaudits to hurl at his fellow-men in glorification of his own acts. He will not dispense wind.

We have many just such true patriots right in our own midst, but they are quietly pursuing their daily routine, hoping and praying that the government may steer the ship of state safely through the troubled waters without loss of honor or dignity.

To-day they are simply loyal citizens of the republic. To-morrow they may be heroes who have fought and died for their country.

Who knows?

WE NEED A MAN.

The reason why so many of us fail to achieve greater success in life is because we do not exert the necessary will power to accomplish more definite results.

Look over the people in this town. Study their habits, their speech, and their accomplishments. You will find many of them who undoubtedly possess an enormous reserve of will power. Their every word and action indicates as much. But there is a perceptible disposition to hesitate which prevents the bringing of that reserve force actively into play. The natural result is that they are only moderately successful when they should be rising to great heights.

In this our people are in no respect different from those of other places and other climes. It is a trait of human nature and will survive until the end of the human race.

Occasionally we read or hear of some great man who began life in an humble way. If you could look down deep into the soul of that man you would see that he is just a human being like the rest of us, with this exception. He has fought and conquered the retarder, hesitancy, and has brought into full action the will power that lies dormant in a majority of people. His normal mind perceives an opportunity and his will and determination force him to grasp it. The result is success. The world hears of him, while the rest of us live and die in the peaceful obscurity of our own little circles.

There are those among us who have in them the making of men and women of national note, but hesitancy dogs their steps. Their acute minds see the opportunities ahead of them,

but hesitancy whispers to them to wait, and while they are waiting opportunity marches on. It pauses for no man.

This town is overflowing with brains, but most of them are lying dormant, working only as necessity requires.

As a community we need an awakening. We need a revival of will power and of determination. We need a big boot that will lift hesitation and procrastination into eternal oblivion and forgetfulness. We need action.

But above all we need a commercial pastor for the flock. We need a man who has fought and conquered hesitancy, who is achieving success himself, who will take us by the hand and lead us into the way of accomplishment and results. We need a leader who can lead.

We have such a man in our midst—you all know him—but hesitancy is making its last desperate appeal. He is fighting alone and valiantly in his efforts to finally and definitely divorce himself from all hesitancy and procrastination. He has the heart, and the will, and the desire to lead and to be of use to his fellow-men, but diffidence alone prevents. It is the last link in the chain of hesitation that still holds him in leash.

We are writing this editorial for his benefit. We know he will read it, and we hope it will serve as an inspiration and encourage him to make the supreme effort that will free him from all restraint and place his great intellect and natural power of will at the disposal of our town and our community.

We need this man. We need his counsel, his advice and his leadership. We need him now.

The local Chamber of Commerce has been in adjournment for some time. Wake up. There will be some big doings in this industrial city soon, and our local booster body should be ready to help it along. Get together and do something.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Now, all together! Hurrah for this town!

Sure, we love everybody—our wife included.

The optimist breeds golden opportunities. The pessimist is the father of misery.

Baseball and shaggy hair will be ambling along now most any day.

Speaking of the short skirts—but then we are too darned busy looking to even think of speaking.

The wise man listens when others talk, but the fool gabbles on whether they listen or not.

When you see a beautiful maid sailing along the street with head in

the air and seeing nothing and hearing less, it's a safe bet she is wondering what sort of a sensation she is creating.

Baker is so closely allied to pie that we hasten to announce our eminent satisfaction with the appointment of the new secretary of war. Here's hoping he is not quartered and devoured in the scramble.

ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH.

At St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church the pastor will give the third sermon in the present series on Theistic Thought, "Paul at Mars Hill," or "The Unknown God Declared." Services 7:30 o'clock on Sunday evening.

Music by the chorus choir. All are cordially invited to attend.

Sunday school, 10 a. m.
Prayer meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30 o'clock.

Junior League, Wednesday afternoon, 4 o'clock. Miss Ivy Wilkinson, superintendent.

Rev. T. A. Atkinson, pastor. Phone 186M, San Bruno.

Ladies' Aid Notes.

The monthly social meeting of the Ladies' Aid will be held at the home of Mrs. Grace James, 440 Baden avenue, next Wednesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Mrs. James will be assisted by Mrs. Blanche Sullivan in the entertainment of the ladies.

All friends of the church are most cordially invited to this meeting.

SAN BRUNO M. E. CHURCH.

Rev. T. A. Atkinson, Pastor.
Sunday school, 10 a. m.

Preaching, 11 a. m.
Junior League, Tuesday, 3:30 p. m.

Mrs. Margaret Turner, superintendent; Mrs. T. A. Atkinson, assistant.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS.

G. W. HOLSTON

Candidate for
City Trustee
Election April 10, 1916.

A. F. SCHMIDT

Candidate for
City Trustee
Election, April 10, 1916.

THE HUB

We have received our spring line of clothing and furnishing goods for men, women and children. Call in and look at them and make your selection. We will make your suit to order in a first-class manner and at reasonable prices.

Thrift Stamps Given Away
Free With All Purchases

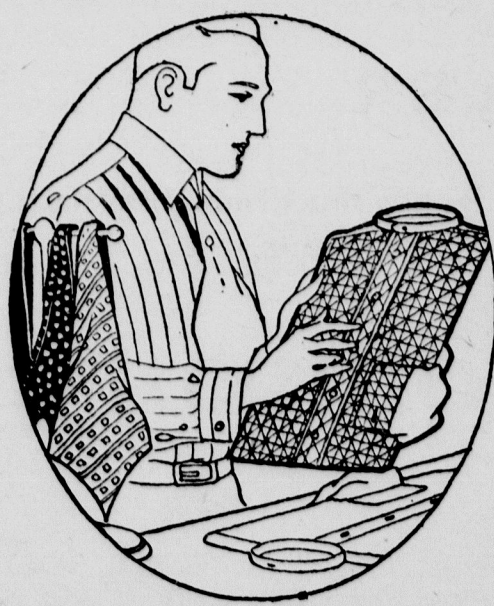
CHAS. GUIDI, Prop.

313-315 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

Shirts and Ties of Style



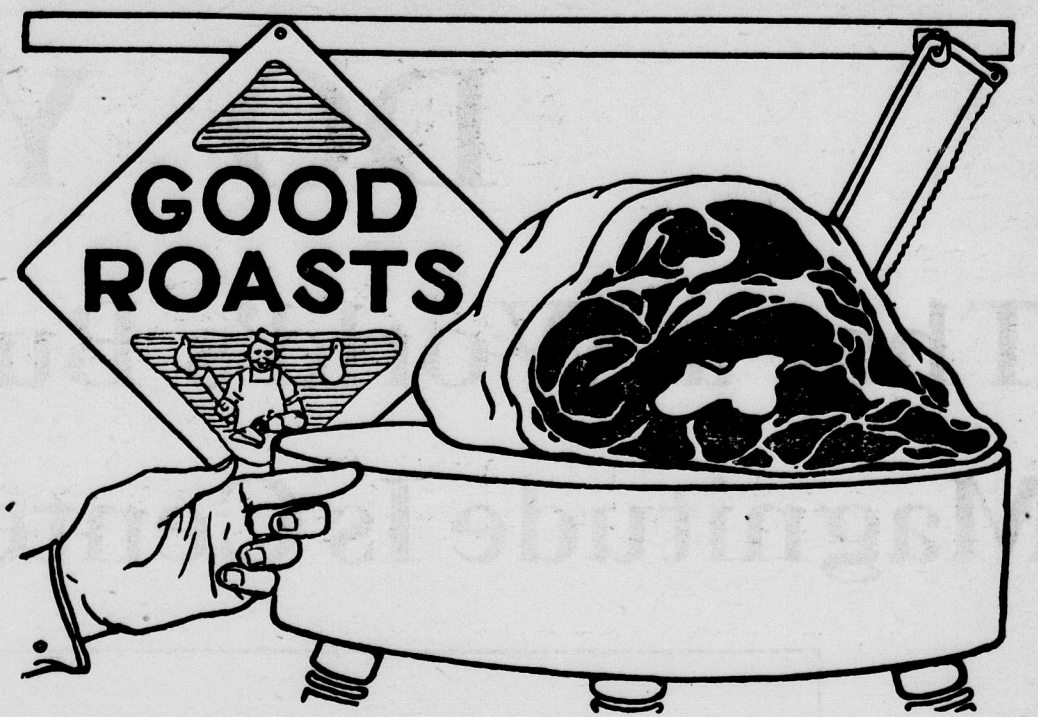
The man who is looking for haberdashery of genuine merit need go no further than this store. Collars, shirts, neckwear, collar and cuff buttons, stickpins, garters, handkerchiefs, hose and mufflers. They are all here at low prices. Pay us a visit.



W. C. SCHNEIDER

227 Grand Avenue

South San Francisco



YOU simply cannot beat the fine, juicy roasts that we sell. They are the acme of meat perfection. We have been years in the meat business, and we know how to pick the right kind of meat.

LIND'S MARKET

Shop Open 7 a. m. to 6:30 p. m. (closed on Sunday)

First delivery goes east, 8 a. m.; second delivery goes west, 10 a. m.; third delivery goes north, 2 p. m. Free delivery once a day if order is in time as designated.

ROYAL THEATRE

Program Week Commencing Sunday, March 19th:

Sunday—Edmund Breese in "The Song of the Wage Slave."
Monday—Hobart Bosworth in "Fatherhood."

Tuesday—Star cast in "The Woman." Wednesday—High-class vaudeville and professional tryouts.

Thursday—Lois Meredith in "Help Wanted." Friday—Ninth episode of "The Red Circle" serial.

Saturday—Mary Fuller in "Under Southern Skies."

Best Shoes for Winter

Your health demands the wearing of a "safe" shoe during the winter months, a shoe that will keep the feet warm and dry.

We have just that identical shoe and are selling it at popular prices, for men, women and children.

We also are making close prices on Rubbers, and guarantee the quality to be of the best.

A COMPLETE STOCK OF L. A. Crossett and W. B. Douglas Shoes

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General Hospital

Cor. Grand and Spruce Avenues

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Linden Hotel

208 Linden Avenue

NOW OPEN FOR BUSINESS

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GRAND HOTEL

BALOPULOS & DRESS, Props.

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GOOD MEAT

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THE GREAT ABATTOIR

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San Mateo County - - - Cal.

SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO

UNDERTAKING CO.

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Neil Doyle and Wellar A. Stead

(Deputy Coroner)

LOCAL UNDERTAKERS

Phone South San Francisco 219

FRATERNAL DIRECTORY

Francis Drake Lodge, No. 376, F. & A. M., meets at Metropolitan Hall first Friday every month for stated meetings.
J. G. Walker, Master.
H. F. Mingleford, Secretary.

Tippecanoe Tribe, No. 111, Impd. O. R. M., meets every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock in Metropolitan Hall. Visiting brothers welcome.

Chas. Dovin, Sachem.
Daniel Hyland, Chief of Records.

South City Aerie, No. 1473, F. O. E., meets every Tuesday evening in Metropolitan Hall, 8 o'clock.
Geo. E. Kiessling, Worthy President.
W. J. Smith, Secretary.

Visiting brothers welcome.
South City Lodge, No. 332, L. O. O. M., meets in Metropolitan Hall every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers welcome.

C. J. Hyde, Dictator.
Henry Velt, Secretary.

Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, meets every Tuesday at 8 p. m. in Metropolitan Hall.
George W. Hagedorn, Chief Ranger.
John J. McDonald, Secretary.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

J. W. COLEBERD

ATTORNEY AT LAW

South San Francisco, San Mateo County, Cal.

DR. J. C. McGOVERN

DENTIST

Office: Galli Building

South San Francisco, San Mateo Co., Cal.

Phone Main 122W

IVAN W. KEITH, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon

Office Hours: 2 to 4, 6:30 to 8 p. m.

403 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

GEO. W. SCHNEIDER & CO.

Funeral Directors and Embalmers

(Deputy Coroner)

Parlors 15 Ellsworth Ave., San Mateo, Cal. Telephone 797.

San Mateo County BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION

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Loans made on the Monthly Definite Contract Plans, paying in from 5 to 12 years as may be desired, with privilege of partial or total repayment before maturity. No premiums or unnecessary expense.

H. W. SCHABERG, Secretary, Redwood City, Cal.

Curusis Bros.

Dealers in

Staple Groceries, Fine Fruit and Vegetables

IMPORTED OLIVE OIL

Fresh Fruit Daily Quick Delivery

243 Grand Ave., South San Francisco

AS THE EDITOR SEES IT

Sometimes we feel like writing and at others we don't. This is one of the don'ts, but we have to keep right on grinding out thoughts for your consumption just the same, lest you think you are not getting the worth of your subscription. We haven't an idea as yet of what to say in this column, but perhaps as we go along a thought or two will work its way to the surface.

We might devote some space to the glorious women of our town. But what man really knows anything about a woman? Who can analyze the minds that have baffled us masculine worms since the days of Adam? We can't—no man can. We look around us and we see evidences of sweetness and gentleness on every hand. We feel the refining and elevating influence of the good women with whom we come into daily contact, and our lives are the brighter and the sweeter for their presence. And then our dreams are suddenly disturbed by reading of one of those rare exceptions where a woman has raised more hell in a minute than mere man can smooth over in a lifetime of effort. No, we can't discourse learnedly on women. The subject is too deep for us, and we pass it up. But not until we have remarked that this community is peculiarly and signally blessed in the quality of its women—bless the dear things.

Then we might touch up the ways of the kids, but we won't. We have a hazy recollection of being a kid once ourself, and loyalty forbids our betraying any of their little secrets. Exit the subject of kids, with blessings as we pass them by.

Our girls? Of course we have girls—lots of girls—and we wish we had a million just like them, for if you want to find sweetness personified you have only to stray over to one of our own coy maidens and take a look. No, indeed, we are not going to record our thoughts on the subject, for the dear little things would be lost in the pleased confusion of their own blushes. Bless our girls, for there are none like them.

Yes, we might warble about home, but we dare not, for the descriptive pen of mortal man has yet to do it justice. But with all our heart and soul we bless your home, and everybody else's home, and even our own.

Oh, we agree with you, right enough. We are rambling along in a desperate effort to find a subject in keeping with our literary capabilities, but every time we spurt ahead a foot we slide back a yard. 'Tis the fate of all editors when the spirit refuses to move. We are forgiven.

Hurrah! An idea at last! We know something about ourself, oddies of something, and it is some something, too. But thunder, we don't dare cough up, because we have to live right on among you and the Lord only knows what would break loose if we told only a fraction of the truth. Stung again! You do the blessing.

A subject! A subject! Our last year's hat for a subject! Got a new one, you say? Of course, everybody has a new hat, but the editor, and nobody cares a tinker whether he has a hat at all or not, so long as he dishes up the stuff for others to think and talk about. Just our luck!

Ah, a scheme! Perhaps some of you have a subject or two up your sleeves. Just come around and get out this rag for one issue. We need a rest. Our brain needs a rest. Everything about us in need of rest. Let us announce it in advance, so every one will want a copy, and the merchants will all want ads in it, and then perhaps we can rake in enough pennies to sport a new hat all by ourself. It's a good scheme. We like it, and it ought to take. The more there are of you the better it will take. Think it over, and don't stop at thinking. Do something, for we want a rest—and that hat.

And here's a blessing for all men, and a million for the dear women. Now bless us.

GRACE EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK.
Second Sunday in Lent.

There will be no Sunday school nor services in Grace Church this Sunday. The congregation is invited to attend the ordination services in Grace Cathedral, California and Taylor streets, San Francisco.

Monday.

2 p. m. Grace Church Guild meets in Guild Hall.

Tuesday.

7:45 p. m. Full evening service, with address by the Rev. William Ford Higby.

Wednesday.

8:00 p. m. United service at St. John's Church, Fifteenth street and Julian avenue. Take Mission street cars and get off at Fifteenth street. Walk half a block. The subject for the sermon will be "Our Need of Christ"; the preacher the Rev. R. S. M. F. McMurray, rector of the Church of the Advent.

Thursday.

7:30 p. m. Choir practice in Guild Hall.

Friday.

7:30 p. m. Confirmation class meets in the church.

Saturday.

2:00 p. m. Altar Society meets in the church.

Ordination.

As announced in Grace Church Tidings two weeks ago, the pastor of Grace Church will be advanced to the priesthood in the Cathedral at 11 a. m. this Sunday. Our own Bishop Nichols has sufficiently recovered his strength

to be able to officiate at this service. The ordination sermon will be preached by the Very Rev. J. Wilmer Gresham, D. D., the Dean of the Cathedral. The sermon at an ordination always comes at the very beginning of the service, immediately after the Processional hymn, so that it is necessary to be well on time to hear the address. The ordination service, with the Litany and Communion that are used, will be found in the last part of the Prayer Book.

For Sale, young cow; cheap. 417 Linden avenue, South San Francisco, Cal. Advt.

FRATERNAL ORDERS

I. O. F.

(By George W. Hagedorn.)

The third annual St. Patrick's dance given by Court Violet, No. 1453, Independent Order of Foresters, was a complete success. Visitors from San Francisco, Daly City, Colma, San Mateo and Redwood City gathered together to enjoy the mid-Lent celebration. Bouquets of genuine shamrock adorned the buttonhole or the lapel of every guest. These are raised in South San Francisco. Professor A. L. Magrath's musical program was the finest dance music produced for the occasion. An old-time Irish jig made the old timers feel young and happy again.

The entertainment committee will give a stag smoker Tuesday evening, March 28th. Several exhibitions of wrestling and boxing by local and San Francisco athletes will be staged. A great night for the stag members of Court Violet.


The closing of the dispensation granted by the supreme court has brought a large new growth to the membership. So far, the state of California leads the world. The membership for the last month reached the 300 mark in this state. This great fraternal society is becoming known all over the world as the greatest of paternal and humanitarian societies.

A newly initiated member of Court Violet has a short, sweet story to tell. Having courted a fair young lady for a short time, they became engaged. The young lady, residing in far-off New Zealand, hearing that her future husband intended to take out fraternal protection, recommended the Independent Order of Foresters, knowing of the good that has been done by this great society. Three weeks ago brought this bride to the eastern shores of the Pacific and they were joined in holy wedlock. Nothing like it, boys. We wish the happy couple a happy voyage upon the sea of matrimony.

It is the internal not the external qualifications of a man that should recommend him as a candidate for Foresters. This is the means of the steady growth of Court Violet. The members who join this organization must expect to help the order by giving a little of their strength in helping others, as many orders are ruined by people who only join for what they can get out of them. Care should be taken when recommending a candidate. Stop and consider. Would you care to have the applicant as a member of your household? Fraternal bonds are grossly violated when an applicant is initiated who is detrimental to the community in which he resides. A society should be one large family where all are treated alike.

"The fruits of a well-spent life Bring contentment and peace in old age— Faithful to thy trust, duties well performed Keep away the rust and drive back the storm."

A few improved lots on Grand avenue for sale at a bargain. South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company. See John F. Mager, Sales Agent. Advt.

Rx  Our toilet articles will help make your life comfortable. Use plentifully.

See Our Toilet Articles

We carry a large assortment of toilet articles that are new and reasonable in price. Sponges, soap, shaving brushes, razors, toilet water, tooth brushes and powder, talcum powder, etc., are among the many toilet requisites that you can buy here. Why not buy something useful in this line and save it for Christmas? Useful presents are the best.

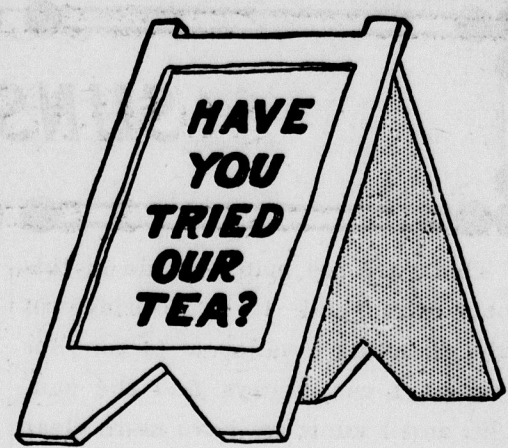
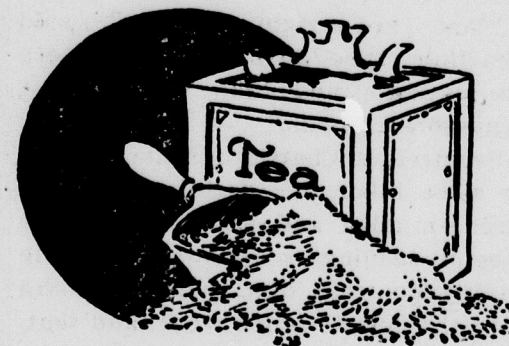
PENINSULA DRUG CO.

Drugs and Stationery

South San Francisco

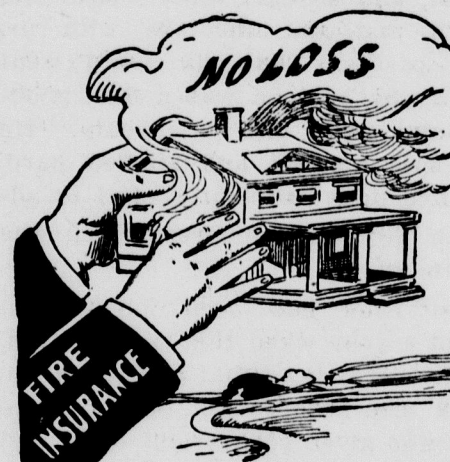
OUR tea is fine, all of it. We carry various kinds, and it is all good. You will not make a mistake if you try us on tea. Don't buy a cheap grade tea.

It's bad for you. Better not drink it at all. But our tea is all high grade, perfectly pure and beneficial. Try our coffee too. It is splendid.



This grocery store aims to sell things first class at low prices. The fact that our many customers are satisfied proves that we are doing it.

J. CARMODY
Fancy Groceries and General Merchandise
PAINTS AND OILS
315-317 Linden Avenue, South San Francisco



IN SAFE HANDS

is the man whose home is covered by an insurance policy in a reliable company. The companies we represent have established reputations for prompt and full settlement of all claims, and we will be pleased to furnish further particulars and rates in person or by mail if you are interested. Stop at once and think what it would mean to you to have a fire if you are uninsured.

E. E. CUNNINGHAM & CO.
Real Estate and Fire Insurance
Postoffice Building South San Francisco

MAKING WASHDAY A PLEASURE

THAT'S PART OF OUR BUSINESS STATIONARY TUBS INSTALLED PROMPTLY

WASHTUBS for your clothes are just as important as your own personal bathtub. Neither the housewife nor the laundress can do justice to the needs of the family on wash day unless the proper utilities are on hand. Let us put a set of down to date stationary tubs in your home.

Right Washing Means Right Living

W. L. HICKEY
Sanitary Plumbing and Gasfitting
379 Grand Ave., South San Francisco, Cal.

FOR SALE

Five-room house, electric lights, bath and gas, plastered, papered, newly painted; on paved street; lot 50x140. A bargain if sold at once. See **JOHN F. MAGER**, Sales Agent Land Company.

WE PRINT EVERYTHING FROM A CALLING CARD TO A BOOK. TRY US.

The Enterprising Merchants Represented In This Paper
ADVERTISE
Because It Pays Them

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MANUEL MONIE, Prop.

For Sale—Good old papers, 15 cents hundred. Apply this office. Advt.

First-class brands of CIGARS and TOBACCOS always on hand. 222 1/2 Grand avenue. if

SUNSHINE

"There are too many people in this world who think it is a bridge of sighs spanning a valley of tears. For my part I can always find the sunlight, and I know we have more clear days than rainy ones. The fact is, we make the clouds and sunshine that depress or gladden us."

So said Miss Susie, and as she was the "schoolmarm" of Weston, she was the one who should speak with authority. Rumor said that Miss Susie's life had known sorrow—that years ago—she was thirty-five now—she had bid good-bye and God-speed you to a sailor sweetheart, whose ship had never been heard from afterward. She always befriended the sailors who drifted to that place; this was a noted fact. But she did not moan or sob—she worked. She delighted in children, and their joys and gladness, and they returned her love with supreme affection.

The poor, too, were Miss Susie's care, and all who knew her declared that he was an angel, and that she would yet meet a rich reward.

There came to Weston a poor but striving mechanic, by the name of Warren Green, and finding out that he had several children, Miss Susie immediately sought the eldest for her scholar. He was a bright-eyed, earnest little fellow, who held aloof from the other children until Fay Vane, the daughter of the village magnate, went to him and aid, extending her hand:

"Are you coming here to school with us?"

Charlie Green had not been used to much kindness outside of his home, especially from such bright and sunny creatures as Fay Vane, and her kindness moved him strongly, but he took the extended hand and answered:

"Yes, if they will let me."

Fay was an only child, whose every wish, even at school, had been granted. She was of a kind and happy nature, and jeers, and laughter, that is harder than jeers, were unknown to her. She saw no degradation in patched clothes, so long as they were clean, and Charlie Green's were very neat and tidy. There was an expression of astonishment in her voice, therefore, when she asked him:

"If they will let you! If who will let you?"

"The other boys."

"Why, they cannot stop you."

"No, I know they cannot stop me right out, but I don't like to be jeered at because my clothes are worn and patched. My father is poor, and not able to get me others now."

"Have they done this?"

"Yes, a little."

"They should be ashamed of such actions. Miss Susie will soon put a stop to it."

"I know that she would if she was told; but I don't like tale bearing."

"Neither do I, but—what is your name?"

"Charlie Green."

"Well, mine is Fay Vane. And now, Charlie, they shall not be mean to you."

"Perhaps they will not after they know me."

"I don't think they will; at any rate, if no one else will be your friend, I will; and I'll play with you at any time, for I know that you are real nice and good. Now, kiss me; everybody kisses me."

She said this archly, putting up her little mouth for the little kiss that Charlie could not refuse.

Then she took Charlie in and introduced him to Miss Susie, who made him welcome in her kindly way, so that his position in the Weston school was assured.

The boy was worthy of love and his brave, generous and glad nature soon won him friends. All of the children were fond of him.

Though Judge Vane, Fay's father, was the wealthiest man in Weston, he had no false pride, and when he knew Warren Green and his family he made no objection to the friendship that grew up between the children.

"I was a poor boy once," he said, "and a kind word and a friendly hand were great helps to me, and so I

should give them where I can. And beside, Charlie has good stuff in him, and will make a good man."

And he was right.

When Charlie had advanced as far as the Weston school would allow, his father, who was unable to bear the expenses of a higher school, thought it best that he should learn a trade.

"I should like to give you a better education," he told the boy, "but cannot. A trade will never come amiss and with it you may earn the means to go to college."

"You are right, father," said Charlie. "And Miss Susie will help me evenings, and Judge Vane says I can use his books."

Seeing that Charlie had the bravery to meet labor, his father, who was strong-minded and had managed, by careful reading to gain considerable knowledge, told him that he should have the benefit of his work, and that, after he had paid for his clothes, all that he earned should be put away for his collegiate course.

Miss Susie and the Judge, when they heard of Charlie's decision, determined to help all they could, and, thus aided, the path of labor and study was made bright indeed.

Charlie was fourteen when he left school, and a year, when youth and health and sunshine are with us, soon passed. Thus six years went quickly by, and he was a fine, good-looking young man of twenty. He had both worked and studied hard, and had now sufficient capital to admit of the college course, which was his ambition.

Fay Vane had been home from school a year when this time arrived, and it was noticed that among all the young men who sought her presence none was given such bright looks and smiles as she bestowed on Charlie Green.

And now it was Charlie who was going away, and as they took the last ramble beneath the elms that were the pride of Weston, her little hand clung fondly to his arm.

"And so you start for college tomorrow, and I shall not see you till next summer," she said.

"No, you will not see me, Fay; but will you miss me very much?"

"Charlie Green, I am ashamed of you, and shall feel hurt if you do not take back those words," and the little hand was being withdrawn from his arm, when Charlie stopped it.

"I beg your pardon, Fay. I did not mean to say that, for I do know that you would wish me to be near you."

"With me, if you please."

"Well, with you. But you know that I am going away to become worthier of your friendship, Fay, and—"

Charlie stopped as though something suddenly had checked him and kept him from saying what he wished to.

"Well, Charlie, and what?"

"I don't think I had best say what I was going to."

"Why not?"

"Because—because it might not be right."

"Charlie Green!" and Fay's eyes widened and a look of pain came over her face.

"No! no! Fay; it was not that the words held wrong, but that I did not think it right for me to say them now," he said, hurriedly.

"And why not?"

"Because of the difference in our social positions."

"Stop!" she cried, "stop!" and her little foot was brought down with an authoritative stamp, and her eyes grew bright with a passionate reproach. "Have I ever shown you less favor than I accorded others? Have I ever been more kind to others than I have to you? Have I, by word or act, shown that I considered our social positions different?"

"No, Fay, you have not."

"Then why do you fear to tell me what I ask?"

It was Charlie's turn to be proud now, and, taking her hands, he said in swift, hot words:

"I do not fear to tell you, and as the feeling is a man's best, you shall hear it. I love you, and I wish you for my wife. There, I have told you,

and now you can despise me for my presumption, if you wish to."

"Despise you—despise a man for telling me that he loves me? I don't intend to do anything of the kind. I just mean to go on loving you as I have been doing for years."

"You—you love me?" and Charlie was too astonished to say more; but his strong arms drew the little form to him, and his kiss was long and warm.

"Love you? Of course I love you. I have loved you ever since you first came to Weston school. If you had not been like all men are in this matter—blind—you would have seen it long ago."

Her voice had the old school-day archness, and Charlie laughed merrily as he held her close to his heart.

"You have made me very brave, Fay. I have been fearing for many days, but now all seems bright and fair again. Still, what will your father say?"

"Ask him, and see. You know the old proverb, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

"I will ask him now."

"That is right. Come, I will go with you."

And with Fay clinging, half laughing, to his arm, Charlie sought the Judge, and began telling him of the love he held for the little beauty by his side.

The Judge stopped him with a merry twinkle in his eye, saying: "You are too young for such things, Charlie."

"But I don't mean that we wish to be married now," stammered the young man; and Fay broke into a ringing laugh to think any one would be afraid to speak to her father.

"Ah!" said the Judge. "When do you wish the affair to take place?"

"Not till I have been through college and entered business."

"And what do you propose to do?"

"I shall study law."

"Well done, my boy. And Fay, what have you to say? Are you willing to wait?"

"Of course I am. Why, I promised to be his when I was a wee bit of a thing."

"You did, eh? And without my consent?"

"Oh, I knew you would like him, and you see I was right."

And thus the matter was settled, and Charlie went to college. His letters from home and his visits home were gladdened by the light of a brave, fond love, and it was not strange, therefore, that he won both friends and honor, graduating with none of his class above him. He had studied law while at college, and after a year's reading with Judge Vane was admitted to the bar, his talents soon winning him clients and fame.

Then he claimed his bride, and when the violets bloomed the wedding was to be. But a greater subject of wonder was to come to Weston.

Two months before the wedding of Charlie and Fay, a strongly built, middle-aged man walked up to the hotel of Weston and asked for entertainment. He carried a knapsack slung across his shoulder and a large bag in his hand. He was good-looking, with eyes that seemed to be full of both laughter and tears; and though his hair and whiskers were gray, his step was buoyant and his demeanor youthful. After he had been a day at the hotel, he sent to the depot for his other baggage—two curious, heavy chests that had a flavor of tar and salt water about them. Then he sat for hours on the veranda of the hotel, watching the people go by, and about a week after his arrival began to question the people who made the veranda a lounging place concerning former residents of Weston.

He seemed to know about these people, and gradually found out all concerning such of them as were left. Then he began to linger in the vicinity of the school, and made friends with the children; but he always kept out of Miss Susie's way. He was a great favorite with the little folks, and often after Miss Susie was gone, would go with them into the school room and tell them stories.

He was employed this way one afternoon, seated with his back to the door, when a strange step caused him to start to his feet and face the intruder. It was Miss Susie, who, having forgotten something, had returned to the school room.

The man's face flushed, and Miss

Susie put her hand to her eyes, as if to brush therefrom some image or vision that troubled her.

But it would not go, and then, as she looked at the man once more, the sense of recognition came, and holding out her hands she came rapidly forward.

The man sprang to meet her and clasped her in his arms. At this, the elder children discreetly withdrew, taking their younger schoolmates with them, and went wondering home to tell of the strange meeting they had witnessed.

"I knew that God would bring you to me," Miss Susie said, when she had grown more calm. "I have waited for you."

"I know it, but for years I could not come. I was wrecked on a strange land where no ships came, and five summers ago, when I was rescued, I had no heart to come, for I thought you were dead or married, so I stayed on in the gold fields of Australia. But a longing and a hope came to me, and I have sought my sweetheart and found her."

"I would have waited through all eternity for you," she whispered.

Miss Susie had company home that night, and though she had always been pleasant and sunny, it was noticed that she grew absolutely beautiful now.

The story of her sweetheart's return was soon known, and also that he had come well supplied with that yellow metal from which can flow both sorrow and gladness.

It brought only gladness to Susie and her husband, for when the violets had begun to bloom that spring there was a double wedding in the Weston church, and Charlie and Fay had companions on their journey.

There is but little more to tell. Fay had been an apt scholar of Miss Susie, and to her sunshine was as bright and near as it was to the teacher she loved. So the years that have come to her and Miss Susie (for, despite her marriage, the people of Weston persist in calling her so) have been as bright and joyous as years could be; bright with the glory of love, and glad with its joyousness.

THE CURIOUS BANANA TREE.

A Plant That Will Practically Grow While You Wait.

If a good-sized, healthy banana tree is cut off a few feet above the ground during the wet season the tree will not die, but nine times out of ten will send up a new shoot from the center of the trunk and will grow fast enough to make up for lost time, for within forty-eight hours it will rear waving green leaves triumphantly above the severed trunk.

The secret lies in the fact that the trunk of the banana tree is not hard and woody like other trees, but is really composed of undeveloped leaves wrapped tightly together in a spiral form. When the tree grows these rolled up leaves push upward and merely unroll. Thus no time is lost in forming buds and growing leaves as do ordinary trees. When the trunk is cut off it doesn't interfere with the growth of the leaves, because they are always pushing up from the center of the stalk. If you will roll a sheet of paper tightly and push against one end you will see exactly how the leaves are pushed up from the trunk of the banana tree, and if you cut the roll in two you will find that it doesn't prevent you from pushing out the center of the roll as before.

Although the banana tree repairs an injury so rapidly and well, the shoot formed from the cut stalk seldom bears fruit or flowers. As these shoots are taller and stronger than the original trees, however, they are much better adapted to withstand wind and storms, and the natives frequently cut the banana trees in order to force them to produce the strong, fruitless growth and to serve as wind-breaks for other crops.—A. Hyatt Verrill in St. Nicholas.

Town Dwellers.

A little girl whose parents had recently moved from country to town and who is now enjoying her first experience in living in a street, said: "This is a very queer place. Next door is fastened to our house."

Her younger brother added his impression by declaring: "I like to live where the sidewalks have edges."

MORE PURCHASES BY U. S. PEOPLE

Facts brought out by an investigation conducted by the educational committee of the associated advertising clubs of the world reveal the fact that people are purchasing more jewelry, more clothing, more hardware, etc., and then, too, they are paying for the same more promptly than they did one year ago. The investigation was made at first hand by 1000 members of the association in practically all the cities of the United States of 25,000 or more inhabitants.

An analysis of the 170,000 replies to five questions revealed the fact that not only is retail business nearly 16 per cent better than it was a year ago, but that the country is on the threshold of a big revival in building operations—a standard barometer of general prosperity.

Mr. McMartin of Minneapolis directed a concerted personal inquiry during the early days of December among the leading hardware dealers, grocers, clothiers, druggists, jewelers and owners of department stores in all these cities. These men were asked to tell in percentages (1) how much more (or less) goods they sold in November, 1915, than they had sold in November, 1914; (2) how much more or less they had spent for advertising; (3) how much better or worse pay their collections were; (4) what lines of goods they had added or discontinued during the year; (5) how much they had increased or decreased the stocks of goods on their shelves. These results were revealed by analysis; sales were better than they were in 1914 in all six branches of trade by an average of 15.93 per cent; the jewelry business showed the greatest increase (19.3 per cent), the clothing business the next greatest increase, and the hardware business the next.

It was shown that merchants had made no great increase in stocks of goods on hand (only 6 per cent) despite their larger sales, and that customers were paying their bills more promptly.

In short it was made evident that the people have more money to spend; that they feel confident enough of the future to spend it for jewelry and other luxuries and house-building materials, and that merchants are learning to turn their stocks over more quickly, as greater sales indicate, without a corresponding increase in stocks.

Comparing the analysis with that of a similar investigation at the end of the year 1914 and also with one made a year earlier, the figures are interesting. November, 1914, as compared with November, 1913, showed sales off by an average of 2.3 per cent in grocery, drug, hardware and department stores taken all together. Only groceries showed an increase, amounting to no more than 2 per cent. This was exactly the increase in population during the intervening year, and so represented no intrinsic gain. Groceries during this last year, however, showed increased sales of 8.8 per cent.

Preparation of Parchment.

Parchment is the skin of sheep or other animals prepared to sheets to render them fit for being written upon. The heavier parchment, used for drum-heads, is made from the skins of asses, older calves, wolves and goats. All these are similarly prepared. The skin, being freed from the hair, is placed in a lime pit to cleanse it from fat. The pelt is then stretched upon a frame, care being taken that the surface is free from wrinkles. The flesh is pared off with a circular knife, after which it is moistened and whitening spread over it. Then the workman, with a large pumice stone, rubs the skin. He next goes over it with an iron instrument and rubs it carefully with pumice stone without chalk. Finally the skin is gradually dried, tightening being occasionally required.

Been Through Them.

Mr. Bacon—Do you know, dear, I have only two suits of clothes to my name?

Mrs. Bacon—Yes, John; I have noticed that you have very little change in your clothing.

Men are born to succeed, not to fail.—Thoreau.

A Night of Fever

There is a sort of intoxication which may have been caught long ago in the rice-fields of Indo-China, or even in the great swamps of Guinea and Senegal—a very strange condition of poisoning that lurks latest in one's being, and returns every year or two for a few hours, interfering considerably with the ordinary course of life.

Sailors who have spent some years in these lands are invariably acquainted with this singular malady which time cannot eradicate. It brings back the memory—one might almost say the sight—of certain regions of the earth in which there is an excess of both rain and sunshine.

No sooner does the fever begin than I see again, as though I were on the spot, endless, green, velvety stretches of rice-fields beneath a gray, lowering sky, or dismal, grassy plains on the confines of a Sahara solitude, desolate tracts on which grow mighty water-lilies that unfold their petals every evening at the hour of twilight.

It is about nightfall that this fever makes its appearance; at first the sensation is rather a pleasant one, although the head is heavy and the temples burning. The mental life is momentarily doubled in intensity, and the field of imagination, aided by a strange drowsiness, extends indefinitely; the most extravagant projects seem easy to carry through; delightful and profound phrases are improvised—sometimes quite childishly insignificant if they return to the mind on the morrow, though it may happen that the most entrancing strains of music are composed, melodies that call up a world of mystery and enchantment, but even then they split up into commonplace little songs when the attack is past. All through the succeeding night the head is racked with pain and feels as though confined with an iron hand, while a terrible thirst comes over one. At last, when dawn appears, the fever has almost always gone; there remains only a sense of lassitude—the painful stage caused by the pitiless lucidity that follows on the dreams of the night. The awakening is always accompanied by a sort of dreary clairvoyance, more particularly if it happens in the morning. In this state of sudden weakness—which would make you think that life was ebbing away, did you not know by experience that the weakness lasts but an hour—you have, in a way that has never before been experienced, that feeling that time is rapidly flying and that all human effort is useless; there appears almost a physical sensation of the rapid, irresistible gliding away into death.

This Christmas evening the fever has attacked me. Only this morning I left Paris, all alone, for my hermitage on the banks of the Bidassoa, as is my yearly custom, to attend a midnight mass to be given just across the river, in an old Capuchin convent.

It is very annoying that the fever should have chosen such a date, and so I do all I can to resist it.

Stretched on a sofa by the fireside, in a small room on the ground floor, where December evenings are generally spent in these parts, I await the hour of midnight. My Basque servant is sitting up with me, reading some story of brigandage or smuggling.

The lonely house is wrapt in absolute silence. And yet, on winter evenings, you hear the dismal howling of the wind, for my windows, overlooking the sea, are continually being lashed by squalls and showers of rain driven across the Bay of Biscay. However, this forms one of the charms of the spot; in the dark, moonless nights of the inclement season, when you feel somewhat isolated from the rest of the world by the little garden walks that have become all wet and black, it is delightful to listen to the gusts and shrieks of the hurricane outside.

This time there is silence all around; the breakers have ceased to wall and lament, and the branches of the trees, in my garden, so often tossed by the sea breeze, are now perfectly still. Outside it must be a beautiful Christmas eve, clear and calm.

On the sofa to which the fever has

confined me, as close to me as possible, lies Ratonne my black-and-white tabby, asleep with her paws softly stretched out against my knees. Belaud, my gray tomcat, has begged to be excused, having business in the solitary gardens of the neighborhood, where, I suppose, some midnight feline mass is being celebrated.

At last, in the peaceful garden, a quartet of male voices is heard in joyous song of old-time rhythm, the beginning of those Christmas carols that are sung from door to door, and, as custom demands, my servant will have to offer each of the singers cider or wine. I can hear it all in the semislumber of the fever, and along with the confused recollections of past Christmas-tides brought back by this music, there mingles the insistent recollection of a dismal marsh in Senegal, when the giant moon is hissing, and great lilies cover the surface of the water.

When these singers have gone, others succeed them at short intervals, and these are followed by the piping treble voices of children.

"The little ones from the villages down by Suberno," says my servant, who goes out each time to bring liquid refreshment for the new arrivals. "They have a creche to exhibit, and a Father Christmas as well; if the commander permits, they might come inside."

"Very well, if they have so many fine things to show, tell them to come along; we must not give them offense."

The little procession has some difficulty in entering, scraping the wall, for what they are carrying is certainly cumbersome. They are six in number, of the same height, and about ten years of age; the leader marches in front with a lantern, four others carry on their shoulders a litter made of branches and containing the creche, a little house of laurel twigs. The last one, the sixth, who takes the part of Father Christmas, is seated somewhat like a little Buddha in this niche of verdure, and as a Santa Claus must always wear a beard of some sort, a pair of long mustaches have been traced on his childish face with a piece of burnt charcoal, and there, his cheeks all smutty, he sits enthroned and motionless in his green litter, rolling his bright, sparkling eyes from side to side. Their dignity and bearing are perfectly admirable as they sing in a frankly falsetto voice, quite serious and all in perfect tune, accenting each word in the old song.

Evidently they have themselves cut down those branches from the neighboring woods and put the whole thing together, in accordance with immemorial tradition. Then they have walked a distance of over two leagues, along mountain paths, with long staffs in their hands, which give them the appearance of little orang-outangs, or of quaint prehistoric beings. And, in spite of the smiles with which their visit is greeted, they leave behind the impression that something very ancient, something serious, has just taken place.

No sooner have they gone than we sink once again into profound silence. Shortly I hear a quarter-past 10 strike from the church steeple of Fontarabia on the other side of the river. Thereupon my servant says to me:

"It is perhaps time I went for Ignacio and Pantchiket (a Basque diminutive of Francois), for the commander promised that they should have some cakes to eat here before starting."

"Before starting! Well, I shall never have strength to attend this mass, for the fever is increasing, and my headache is growing worse."

Ignacio and Pantchiket now appear on the threshold, wearing espadrilles on their feet; they have entered noiselessly and with all the stealthy suppleness of a cat.

They remove their berets, a concession to the good manners of my household, and then, because of the blazing wood crackling in the fireplace, beg to be permitted to remove their coats as well, a less elegant proceeding though far more in accord with the Basque character.

Ignacio and Pantchiket are two of my neighbors—famous smugglers, of

course—whom I have requested to row me across to the Spanish shore to-night. They are now seated at the table, in woolen Jerseys, in front of hot wine and a Christmas cake, which my servant is requested to share with them. Though greatly impressed at seeing me stretched on cushions, they begin a low-toned conversation, as at some death-vigil. Naturally, their talk is all about smuggling, night adventures in rain and storm. They also speak of myself for a short time, when they think I am fast asleep, and I am pleased to note that my servant makes the most of such qualities as I may possess, though, all the same, he deplores certain slight imperfections.

"For instance," he says, "in the matter of leaving his room in a state of disorder, any one would think that the commander embodied at least half-a-dozen persons in himself..."

I am unable to follow the thread of their narratives, for my consciousness becomes more and more fixed on Africa and those interminable marshes swarming with gray alligators. A feeling of torpor keeps me on my back, in spite of my determination to rise and stir about; it seems as though death were gradually enfolding me in a warm embrace, while my freed spirit escapes its bonds of flesh... going off wherever my fancy dictates, above those regions of earth in which I have dwelt, and at times preferring to linger on deserts of slime and herbage resplendent in the torrid sun... Really, I no longer know whether I am sleeping or awake.

In spite of it all, I hear Ignacio telling me that it is a glorious moonlight night, that the fresh air will certainly cure me, and that it is time to start if we do not want to be late for the mass... No, no, my languid head lies motionless; I shall never be able to move... never...

I am now occupying a marvelous oratorio on the Apocalypse. Suddenly, as an interruption of the last trump, there enters my mind an inspiring chord which fills me with a mighty thrill, suggesting death and the end of all things. I admire myself for being so intuitive a musician, and determine to cultivate the gift...

"Listen, Ignacio!" says Pantchiket. "You take nails, a hammer and some string in your pocket. Then, when the train is in motion, the night train of course, you open the door and climb on top of the carriage with your smuggled goods. You arrange everything on the middle of the roof, and fasten it down firmly with your string and nails. Then you climb down and take your place in the carriage as innocent as a saint... And who will discover the trick, pray?"

"Nonsense!" interrupted Ignacio, "that is an old trick, they all know it." (They here refer to the custom house officers of France and the carabinieri of Spain, with whom, by the way, the smugglers are on very good terms, apart from the tricks they play on them.) "It's the same as hiding goods beneath the coal in the tender," continues Ignacio. "To think that we used to hide away there, when Itchoua was alive!... But they have got wind of it now; you see there is no possibility at all of smuggling anything through by train..."

I must confess that this talk is rather commonplace, cutting discordantly into the oratorio I am composing. Still, all these things alternate, or rather, are jumbled together, though without clashing with one another, in my fevered head; the smuggled goods, the spreading lilies of Senegal with their open petals on the surface of languid waters, and finally the somber valley of Jehosaphat, the scene of my apocalyptic symphony. And I invent harmonies that appear altogether superhuman—accompaniments to the trump of the awe-inspiring archangel, the final lament of a world sinking back into chaos...

Suddenly I hear bells, real bells this time: Christmas bells! The smugglers have ceased talking. The bells of Fontarabia in the distance are pealing out, and the night air seems filled with their clear, silvery vibrations.

How delightful they sound! Never before have I heard so pure and musical a peal as that which reaches my ears this evening from across the slumbering river.

Well, since I am now wide awake, let me try to attend mass. It is not exactly what a doctor would advise me to do, in the height of a fever, to turn out in the fresh night air until

about 2 in the morning. Never mind! My head turns, and I feel giddy as I stand upright. Putting on a beret, my hair, which has become a thing insensitive, so to speak, seems as though it were standing on end, so painful is the contact with anything external. Never mind, come along!

My two boatmen were right: the night is a glorious one. The moon casts a pale blue light over all—the moon which the Basques call *Il Argia* (the Dead Light)—and her pale splendor shines over sea and mountain. How much better to be out in the open air than stretched before a fire in a room that is too warm! What a delight merely to breathe! The air is exquisitely soothing, and there are gentle breezes from the south that remind one of a night in Africa. Often have I seen glorious Christmas eves in this Basque land, but never one like this—not the slightest sensation of cold or winter damp, not even dew on the ground.

Ignacio's boat awaits us at the end of the garden, and we begin the fifteen minutes' crossing, or rather, gliding, over a kind of starry mirror, leaving behind a silvery, moonlit furrow in our wake.

From the Spanish coast, stretching before us, all tinged with blue, come distant songs and the uncertain harmonies of a guitar. A momentary consciousness of ease, for which I may have to pay on my return, has succeeded the dull heaviness of the fever; I no longer see the marshes with their lily-covered surface, nor do I hear the melodious strains of the Apocalypse. But the bells of Fontarabia begin again, an eager, joyous tinkling, at this usually silent hour, and air and water seem all vibrant with the sound...

Oh! The Christmas eves and the Christmas bells! Is that infinitely sweet and almost ineffable witchery of theirs, which the flight of time cannot destroy, made up of nothing more than childhood's memories, or rather, is there not behind it all something occult, something eternal?

Translation by Fred Rothwell, from "On Life's By-Ways" (Reflets sur un Sombre Route): London, George Bell & Sons.—Pierre Loti.

"I notice you haven't quite got your sea legs yet, madam."

"Well, you wouldn't notice it if it wasn't for the wind."

NOTICE OF ELECTION.

Notice is hereby given that a general municipal election will be held in the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, on Monday, the 10th day of April, 1916, at which election the following officers shall be voted for:

Member of Board of Trustees.
Member of Board of Trustees.
Member of Board of Trustees.
City Clerk.
City Treasurer.

Notice is hereby given that at said general municipal election the following proposition will be presented to the qualified electors of said City of South San Francisco and shall be voted upon at said municipal election:

The proposition to pay each member of the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco each month, as compensation for the services of each such member of said Board of Trustees, the sum of Fifteen Dollars (\$15.00).

For the proposition to pay each member of the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco each month, as compensation for the services of each such member of said Board of Trustees, the sum of Fifteen Dollars (\$15.00).	Yes	No

Any voter who desires to vote in favor of said proposition may do so by stamping a cross (X) in the voting square on the right hand margin of his ballot, after and opposite the word "YES," and after such ballot shall be so stamped and deposited in the ballot box it shall be canvassed and counted, as provided by law, as a vote in favor of such proposition.

Any voter who desires to vote against said proposition may do so by stamping a cross (X) in the voting square on the right hand margin of the ballot and opposite the word "NO," and after such ballot shall be so stamped and deposited in the ballot box it shall be canvassed and counted as provided by law as a vote against said proposition.

Notice is hereby given that at said general municipal election the polls will be opened from the hour of six o'clock a. m. to the hour of seven o'clock p. m. on the day thereof, and that during said hours said election will be held at the legally designated polling places in each consolidated election precinct in said City of South San Francisco, as hereinafter set forth, and that the following named persons have been appointed to serve as election officers in their respective precincts, to-wit:

South San Francisco Municipal Election Precinct No. 1:
Judges, Mrs. Ellen Smith and Mrs. Nellie Donovan; Inspectors, W. L. Hickey and F. W. F. Brown; Clerks, Mrs. Jessie Woodman and Daniel McSweeney.

South San Francisco Municipal Election Precinct No. 2:
Judges, M. Foley and Richard Harder; Inspectors, Mrs. Mary Mercks and Mrs. Emma Daneri; Clerks, W. C. Schneider and Mrs. Sarah Ingraham.

In South San Francisco Municipal Election Precinct No. 1 the polling place is the Fire House at No. 415 Grand Avenue. In South San Francisco Municipal Election Precinct No. 2 the polling place is at the City Hall at No. 310 Linden Avenue.

Dated March 14, 1916.
WILLIAM J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

ONE ON NAPOLEON TOLD BY BRISBANE

Arthur Brisbane, talking to the advertising men's league of New York at luncheon at 47 East Twenty-fifth street recently, recalled a story about Napoleon. The emperor was racking his brain to find how to transport an army to England. In those days all ships depended entirely on favorable winds. Robert Fulton came along with a suggestion that he might help solve the problem.

"Napoleon," said the editor, "told this American that he would give him just two minutes. Fulton wasn't able to tell him what he wanted to know in two minutes and so Napoleon lost his one chance to land an army in England, for Fulton went away and invented the steamboat which doesn't depend on favorable winds."

"It's the same way with a lot of big business men to-day—they won't listen. The next time one hasn't time to listen to you you might tell him this story of Napoleon."

"Whenever you see three pictures of Napoleon, by the way, one is sure to show him crossing the Alps. He afterward said that he crossed them in winter because that was the only time to cross them. He knew just what he would have to meet. There would be intense cold, but the snow would be packed hard and there would be no slides. So when a man declines to advertise because it's his dull season you might say to him:

"Napoleon, whom you so greatly resemble, said that he crossed the Alps in the winter because he knew it was the best time, although every one said it was the worst. You know you can sell goods in season; why not see if you can't out of season?"

Mr. Brisbane said there were only four essential things in advertising—making people look at the ad, making them read it, making them believe it. There are thousands of ways to attract attention to advertising and to get people to read it; making them understand it requires simple words and some literary skill, and making them believe what they read is the hardest work of all.

"Imitation is dangerous," he added, "I know and could name several men in your business who would be worth ten times as much if they had one-tenth as much imagination. Too much imagination leads to bad mistakes."

NOTICE INVITING SEALED PROPOSALS OR BIDS TO FURNISH THE CITY OF SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO WITH A MOTOR-PROPELLED COMBINATION CHEMICAL AND HOSE WAGON.

Sealed proposals or bids will be received by the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco until eight o'clock p. m. on Monday, the 3rd day of April, 1916, for furnishing to said City of South San Francisco one piece of motor-propelled fire apparatus, to-wit:

A combination chemical and hose wagon equipped with two forty (40) gallon chemical tanks and with a capacity of carrying 1000 feet of standard fire hose. Such combination chemical and hose wagon shall meet the requirements of the specifications adopted therefor by said Board of Trustees on the 16th day of March, 1916, which specifications are now on file in the office of the City Clerk. All bids must be accompanied by detailed specifications.

Sealed proposals or bids may be delivered to the City Clerk on or before eight o'clock p. m. of Monday, the 3rd day of April, 1916.

The Board of Trustees hereby reserves the right to reject any and all bids.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the City of South San Francisco.

Dated March 16, 1916.
WILLIAM J. SMITH,
City Clerk.

CERTIFICATE OF TRANSACTION OF BUSINESS UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME.

I, Harry Speros, do hereby certify that I am now transacting business at the City of South San Francisco, County of San Mateo, State of California, under the name of Superior French Laundry; that such business consists in the operation of a laundry at said place; that I reside in said City of South San Francisco and that I am the only person interested in said business.

Dated February 24, 1916.
Internal Revenue stamps in amount of 10 cents.
HARRY SPEROS,
State of California, County of San Mateo, ss.

On this 24th day of February, in the year One Thousand Nine Hundred and Sixteen before me, J. W. Coleberd, a Notary Public in and for said County of San Mateo, reading therein, duly commissioned and sworn, personally appeared Harry Speros, known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal at my office in the County of San Mateo, the day and year in this certificate first above written.
J. W. COLEBERD,
Notary Public in and for the County of San Mateo, State of California.
3-4-5t

CALIFORNIA NEWS ITEMS IN BRIEF

An important meeting of dry workers was held in Long Beach.

The City Trustees of Corning have purchased a 20,000 pound fire alarm bell.

The Richard Fealy arson trial has been resumed in the Superior Court at Napa.

A Pasadena church club went on record as favoring military training in the high schools.

Plans for the establishment of a \$5000 pasteurizing plant in Woodland have been completed.

Marysville will be in the race for the 1917 convention of the Northern District Federated Women's Clubs.

Ronald Taylor of Covina was severely injured when his left arm was drawn into the mechanism of a gas engine.

The Southern Pacific terminal now located in Red Bluff will be moved to Gerber this Spring or in the Summer.

The Supervisors issued a call for a mass meeting of taxpayers of Sutter County to be held at Yuba City on March 25th.

Logging has begun in the Diamond Match logging camps near Stirling City. Crews have been felling trees for two weeks.

The dead body of a man approximately 40 years of age was found in a deserted dormitory on the Stanford Vina Ranch at Vina.

Butte County accepted the bid of an undertaker who agreed to bury the indigent dead of the County at the rate of one cent an indigent.

George E. Harvey, secretary of the Pacific Rice Growers' Association, announces the sale of nearly nine tons of rice recently at good prices.

Stanford University students, decided to retain basketball as a major sport. The decision was final and was reached by a vote of 269 to 98.

The City Trustees of Yreka have passed an ordinance regulating the jitney service between Yreka and Montague, to take effect in thirty days.

Professor W. D. Hermes of the State Board of Health is investigating malaria conditions in Fair Oaks at the request of the Chamber of Commerce.

Twenty-seven thousand sacks of barley, representing a cash value of \$35,000, have been shipped from Butte City during the week by three freight boats.

The jury in the case of Fred Demer-teau, charged with the murder of Thomas Taylor at Grass Valley a few weeks ago, returned a verdict of not guilty.

Farmers of Hat Creek Valley, who are addicted to tobacco, have been smoking and chewing alfalfa leaves for three weeks, owing to their inability to get real tobacco by parcel post.

Free shaves will be in order in several barber shops in Marysville unless the City Council repeals an ordinance imposing a license of \$25 a month on shops which keep open on Sunday.

Schilling is to be the postoffice name of "Whiskeytown," between Shasta and French Gulch, on the Redding-Weaverville stage route, it has been decided by the Postoffice Department.

Final distribution of the \$53,000 estate of Lincoln Beachy, the famous young aviator who plunged to his death in San Francisco Bay last year, was ordered by Superior Judge Graham.

Fresno is the latest town to put in a bid for the 1916 Vanderbilt and Grand Prix automobile races. A little over \$15,000 was raised in half an hour as a guarantee fund for the events.

Because of the great demand for trout throughout the State, the State fishery experts have been instructed by the Fish and Game Commission to collect all the spawning fish possible this season.

The total number of automobiles registered in California to date and for the year 1916 is 151,539, and the total receipts for the department, according to H. A. French, State Superintendent, are \$1,666,468.70.

The Martinez and Concord Interurban Railway Company has applied to the Railroad Commission for authority to construct the first unit of its proposed line from Martinez to Concord, Contra Costa County.

Deputy State Labor Commissioner John S. Blair collected \$3890.80 in unpaid wage claims during the month of February, according to the monthly report just rendered. Blair had 169 complaints, representing \$10,422.63.

A landslide at Tunnel 19, near Lang, ten miles from Saugus, on the Southern Pacific, blocked traffic. Train 25 was derailed over the Coast Route from Los Angeles. The slide is ten feet deep and thirty feet long.

"Bring the Tower of Jewels to San Jose," is the slogan of a number of

public spirited citizens who have started a campaign to raise a fund for the purchase of the exposition monument and its transportation to that city.

An International toast to peace will be offered at the dedication, March 18th, of the Panama-California International Exposition by President G. A. Davidson.

An entire shipment of seed potatoes consigned to merchants in Grass Valley has been condemned by County Horticultural Commissioner D. F. Norton. Diseased potatoes were found in every sack.

Six members of the Santa Barbara Company of the Naval Militia were placed under technical arrest by Lieutenant L. H. Kimball, their commander, and ordered to appear for court-martial on a charge of disobedience of orders.

William M. Hunt, 34 years of age, employed in the rolling mills of the Southern Pacific shops at Sacramento, was instantly killed when he fell in front of a freight car being switched onto a siding, the front wheels cutting his body in two.

Because she believes a woman can better represent women and children than a mere man, Miss Ray Sanders, a club woman of San Anselmo, has announced her candidacy for Town Trustee. Miss Sanders will compete against a field of ten men.

Nomination petitions to place the Democratic candidates for delegates to the National Convention on the Presidential primary ballot have been placed in circulation by Sidney Van Wyck Jr., Democratic campaign manager, and his associates.

Without identifying the skull and bones of a human being found six miles from the Hammer ranch, near Weaver-ville Coroner Anderlini and his deputies returned from their long trip. They disposed of the theory the remains were those of Harry Hoxley.

Eddie Mahan, considered by experts the greatest football player that Harvard has ever turned out, is to be assistant coach for the California University football team. Mahan will arrive in Berkeley on August 23, and will serve for the 1916 season.

One man was so terribly beaten that he may die, and three others are in jail in San Jose, another in Santa Clara, and a fifth is a fugitive, as a result of a fierce fight in a hobo camp between College Park and Santa Clara. The injured man's name is unknown.

Hurled from a big automobile, which, after shattering a telegraph pole and bringing down a shower of wires, buried itself in a cornfield thirty feet from the road, near San Rafael, W. F. Hopkins, Lake County rancher, and two companions escaped without a scratch.

The tong war, which broke out several days ago with the killing of two Chinese and the wounding of eight others, was transferred to Oakland, when Jung Yon, a fish packer, was slain in a room in the house at 317 Sixth Street, by three mysterious assassins, who made their escape.

Frank Hayek, of Los Angeles, one of the men to install the machinery in the new \$75,000 pre-cooling plant of the Union Ice Company, at Redlands, may lose the sight of his right eye as the result of being struck in the face by the plunger of a compressed-air gun with a pressure of 100 pounds.

Because of a typographical error in the advertisement in a San Francisco newspaper calling for bids from bond houses and banks for the purchase of \$1,500,000 worth of State Highway bonds, the last of the \$18,000,000 issue, the State has been forced to readvertise for bids and the bonds will be sold again.

With a view of ultimately marketing at auction such of their perishable products as are consigned to San Francisco, over fifty California farmers, representing large acreage tracts in the delta region, voted to organize an association for the betterment of marketing methods at a meeting at the Palace Hotel.

California grape and wine men, at a meeting with the State Viticultural Commission in San Francisco, agreed to accept the proposed administration schedule of taxes on wines, ranging from 2 cents to 3 cents per gallon on unfortified wines and from 7 cents to 30 cents per gallon on sweet or fortified wines.

L. B. Cary of Fresno, chairman of the committee in charge of the non-partisan referendum campaign and the initiative petitions to prohibit the Governor from bribing legislators with promises of State jobs, reports that 13,697 signatures have been obtained to the initiative petition and 11,844 to the referendum in San Francisco.

The committee appointed by Mayor Rolph to arrange to have San Francisco properly represented at the San Diego Exposition on Saturday, the 18th, met at the Exposition Auditorium and decided to leave San Francisco on a Southern Pacific special train next

Friday evening. Charles W. Fay is chairman of the committee and Louis Levy secretary.

An employer working for himself cannot be recognized as an employee under the compensation act, according to the State Industrial Accident Commission, unless such self-employed employer is protected by insurance that specially meets this situation. The Commission so ruled in denying the application of F. C. Reinking of Valley Springs, Calaveras County.

Uncle Sam again went on record as willing to protect all land entrymen who improve their claims in good faith from technical contests, in the dismissal of a contest brought by Arthur Croll against Joseph O'Connor. The case, involving 160 acres of improved land in Southern Lake County, was dismissed by Register J. B. Sanford of the San Francisco Land Office.

FORMER COUNTY AUDITOR W. H. UNDERHILL DEAD

William Henry Underhill, former auditor of San Mateo county, passed away Sunday morning after a lingering illness. He was born in San Francisco fifty-six years ago, but came to this city with his family while quite a young man.

Underhill was in the messenger business between this city and San Francisco for many years. He also followed the commission business here most successfully for a number of years.

In 1906 he was appointed auditor of San Mateo county to fill the vacancy caused by the death of George Barker. Elected to the same office in the fall of 1906 and re-elected in 1910, he served continuously until November, 1914, when he suffered a mental breakdown and had to retire. His wife, Mrs. Flora M. Underhill, was appointed by the supervisors to fill out the unexpired term.

Besides his widow, Underhill is survived by two daughters, Mrs. Roy H. Curran of this city, and Mrs. Gladys von Pertz of Oakland; one brother, George Underhill of this city, and two sisters, Mrs. Caroline Hatch of Burlingame and Mrs. Henry Butts of this city.

Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at the James Crowe undertaking establishment on Webster street, Rev. Father James F. Grant of Burlingame reading the prayers for the dead. The funeral was attended by many old friends of the deceased from all over the county, and from San Francisco. The pallbearers were John W. Poole, M. H. Sheehan, Roy W. Cloud, Guy P. Hull, Ed Stack and M. J. McNamara. The interment was in the family plot at Union cemetery.—Redwood City Democrat.

SUIT TO DETERMINE OWNERSHIP OF PROPERTY

Evan Geereff has commenced an action in the superior court against Andro Gelepis and others to determine the ownership of lot 10, block 152, South San Francisco. In 1908 defendant, Andro Gelepis, secured a purchase and sale agreement to the property and in 1915 transferred his interest in the agreement or contract to E. Stainoff, who in turn sold it to plaintiff, who now asks that the court by a decree determine all adverse claims to the land. As a second cause of action plaintiff asks that an accounting be had of the rents, issues, etc., and that he be awarded the sum of \$1500 and that he be given a one-fourth undivided interest in the contract.

Firedamp.

Firedamp is the ordinary name for the carbureted hydrogen which issues from "blowers" or fissures in coal seams. It is inflammable, and when mixed with air in certain proportions is highly explosive. Its ignition is attended by the danger of an explosion of coal dust.

For sale or exchange for South San Francisco improved property, 8 1-3 acres good land, suitable for all kinds of fruit or alfalfa, on traction line, twenty-five miles south of Sacramento; \$150 per acre. Box 55, South San Francisco. Adv.

For Sale—Five-room house and lot; price \$750; sold on easy terms. See L. M. Pfluger. Take San Mateo car and get off at San Bruno crossing or phone San Bruno 129. Adv.

YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK TO BE MORE FULLY DEVELOPED

E. I. Woodman, Editor The Enterprise, South San Francisco, Cal.—

Dear Sir: I am pleased to announce the completion of the department of the interior's plans for the fuller development of the Yosemite national park and the larger comfort of its patrons during the coming summer.

These plans involve the hearty co-operation with the department of all the concessioners. Camp Curry, Camp Ahwanee, Camp Lost Arrow and the Desmond Camp will all be in full and independent operation, and the new hotel will be made ready at the earliest possible date. A larger number of visitors even than last year are expected and will be better cared for.

The automobile transportation companies are also alert and schedules are in preparation that will afford every convenience. Four companies will operate independently, but in complete co-operation. These are the Desmond company on the Big Oak Flat and Tioga roads; the Davis company on the triangle route from El Portal via the Tuolumne grove of big trees; the Yosemite transportation company, operating from El Portal to the valley, and the Yosemite stage and turnpike company from Wawona to the valley.

The tourist may go into the park from any entrance by his own machine or by any one of the four automobile companies and stop at the hotel or any one of the four camps.

Every criticism made last summer has been carefully considered and so far as possible met.

Several new camps easily accessible by automobile or saddle-horse trips will be established on the Tioga road, and these, with the proposed new trails and improvements on the roads, will open up the splendid country north of the valley, a scenic wonderland which has never before been accessible.

The plans provide for accommodation for visitors of all tastes and degrees of income. Californians, the most numerous patrons of the park, have been specially considered, but not with less care than those expected from the east.

The automobiles this year will have a fuller use of the park than ever before. A small fee will give access to any and all roads, subject only to a few simple regulations to safeguard the traveler. There will be a free shelter or parking space at each of the camps, so that the motorist will not have the inconvenience of going to and fro from the public shelter to get his car.

Automobile owners are to have the privilege of driving on the floor of the valley at a reasonable speed, but not until paths or walks have been provided along the edge of roads which have hitherto been used in common by vehicles and pedestrians. The work of building these paths will be undertaken as soon as weather conditions permit.

There will be no discrimination against any particular entrance to the park, and should the appropriations which are being asked from congress be obtained, an effort will be made to make all the entrances as attractive as possible to the tourist.

The department is co-operating closely with State Engineer McClure, so that the state roads entering the park will be linked in over much easier grades with the park roads. All the roads in the park are now free except the Wawona toll road owned by private parties. However, an effort is now being made to make this a free road and thus abolish all tolls except the one fee which is exacted from motorists, and which is expended on the further improvement of the roads.

The transcontinental railroads are co-operating heartily with the plans of the department for bringing a larger number of eastern tourists to the Yosemite during the coming season. Among them is the expenditure of more than \$40,000 in the preparation of a series of beautiful pictorial bulletins, of which two of the most interesting will be those of Yosemite and Sequoia national parks.

I hope that all the communities in

WHY THIS CITY SHOULD HAVE A NEW HIGH SCHOOL

There has been considerable discussion among citizens as to the need of erecting a new high school in this city within the next year or two. The discussion has reached the high school pupils themselves. Following are two papers written by high school students, which The Enterprise publishes for the good of the cause. We would be pleased to receive more from other high school pupils and citizens in general.

All papers written on this subject must be signed by the writer's right name, the manuscript must be neat and be written only on one side of the sheet.

Need of a New High School Building.

There is a great need of a new high school building in South San Francisco, and it is not only for the benefit of the students who would derive from it, but also for the benefit of the town's people themselves that it should be erected. It is quite true that the high school could continue for two or three years to come in the present building, but the school is not receiving the advantages it should have. No student cares to enter a high school that does not offer him the best opportunities for a broad education. He will go to a properly equipped school, where he may receive advantages that are not to be derived from a poorly equipped school.

It is said that a new high school building could not be erected and equipped for less than fifty thousand dollars. But even so, is it not better to spend that amount for the betterment of education than for some other project to which that sum would eventually go? Then, too, the town's people would have the use of the high school auditorium for any business they wished to carry on, such as public meetings, lectures, addresses, etc. The people complain that the taxes would be too heavy, but as the town is growing rapidly the people would hardly notice the increase. A good many people send their children out of town to other high schools. They do not seem to protest against having the child's carfare to pay. So why are they not willing to spend that "carfare money" on taxes and have their children educated at home?

Therefore, we see the great need of a new high school building, and the only way in which we can have educational advantages to the students is to erect and properly equip a new building.

FLORENCE BRAWN.

The Subject of Building a New High School.

The subject of building a new high school has been very extensively discussed among the boys and girls of our local school. It has become our chief ambition to see they day when we may have our own buildings and grounds, in which to pursue our regular studies without annoyance or interruption.

Many reasons have been furnished why we should have a new building, situated a distance from other school buildings. One of the principal reasons is the noise caused by the grammar school children when they have their recesses.

Second, is the lack of convenience for the advancement of a good athletic corps. The only way we can have basketball is by the permission of the grammar school children.

The lack of a good baseball ground prevents us from organizing a baseball team.

Of course, our high school attendance is very small and the city probably cannot afford to incur such an expenditure for the sake of thirty or forty pupils. But many pupils would come here if we had only a modern school, a school equal to any high school in this state.

South San Francisco is growing rapidly. In the last two years South San Francisco has become the greatest manufacturing center in San Mateo county. People are settling here and building up, and in a few years this city will have grown from an unimportant place to a well-developed city. A splendid school system has always been one of the main factors for the development of a well-regulated city. People feel an attraction for a town which has splendid educational facilities.

Therefore, South San Francisco must have a new high school, not only from the standpoint of education, but also from a political point of view. And this city can build it now much cheaper than it will be able to do in a year or two.

ANGELO SCAMPINI.

the state will co-operate in bringing this noble Sierra playground into its fuller use by the people of the whole country.

Cordially yours,

FRANKLIN K. LANE.

A Natural Inquiry.

Helen was a very inquisitive child who greatly annoyed her father each evening with endless questions while he tried to read the newspaper. One evening, among other things, she demanded, "Papa, what do you do at the store all day?"

Exasperated at her persistence he answered briefly, "Oh, nothing!"

Helen was silent a moment, and then asked, "But how do you know when you are done?"

"What a beautiful woman!"

"I'm glad you think so. That is my wife."

"I congratulate you, old man. It must be a pleasure to lose every argument to a woman like that."